



skull

003

2026

Old Soul, New World II Emma Larson

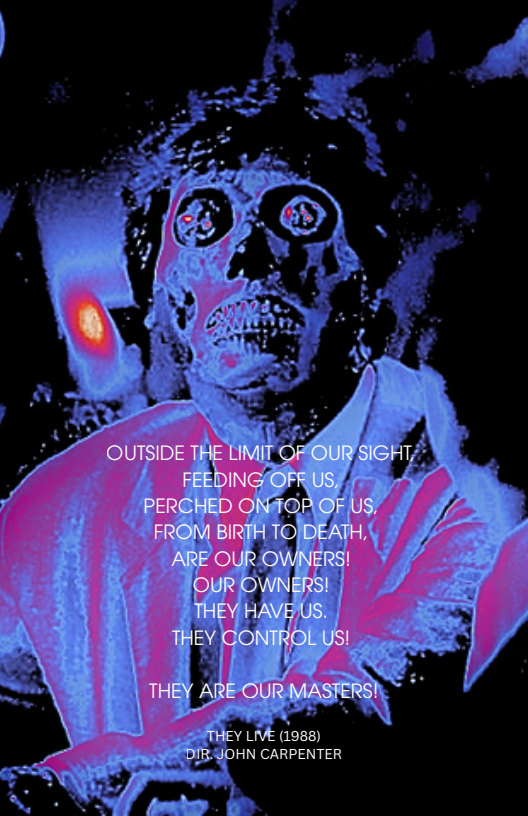
She always walked a little farther than anyone else did. Down the trail and beyond the corner. Where the grass grew into the path; the farther she went the thicker it got. She never noticed when the trail disappeared. At some point though she got excited to be off in a place that felt untouched. Following the beaten path wasn't her forte, she craved the unknown. The birds sang louder as the hum of the mills became quiet. When you live in a place forever there are sounds that you become so accustomed to that they flow through your blood.

The world enjoys comfort. She has too much wild in her to listen to what everyone else wants. As she wanders through the early growth forest, her lungs inhale the air that very few ever breathe. She is a different kind of rare, and she knows it all too well. They would have hunted her down and forced her into the pen with all the sheep. Her understanding of how she is different is what's keeping her alive in this world. To the people who matter she will agree with, but when she is on her own her rebellious spirit takes over.

One thing that has become clear is that there are three different types of people. People who have the opinions of the mass population, people who have the opposite opinion, and then her. The person who doesn't see it either way, but in a way that makes perfect sense only once you open your eyes to another possibility.

When she was offered an opportunity to look beyond her horizons and go on to test new waters, there was never a doubt in her mind. For when she became ship wrecked on an island she thought about her options; you can either start making a signal for someone to come rescue you or start building a shelter to help survive. Either way your depending on someone to come rescue you.

So she would explore, thrive, and not give a second thought about what she left behind. She would look forward because that's the only thing she can count on. That she will have a future and it will be only as good as she allows it to be.



OUTSIDE THE LIMIT OF OUR SIGHT,
FEEDING OFF US,
PERCHED ON TOP OF US,
FROM BIRTH TO DEATH,
ARE OUR OWNERS!
OUR OWNERS!
THEY HAVE US.
THEY CONTROL US!

THEY ARE OUR MASTERS!

THEY LIVE (1988)
DIR. JOHN CARPENTER



To The Land of Ghosts
a special presentation
of *Nosferatu* (1922)
by
MEGAFAUNA

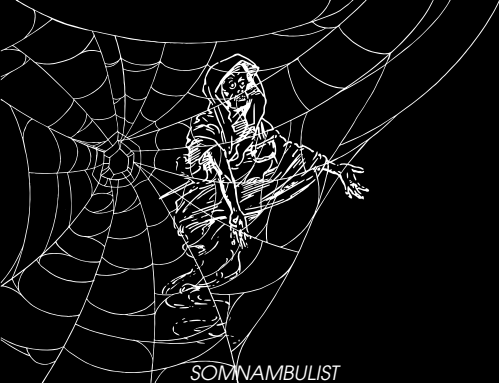


<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R3nYxJefuQ0>



THE RICH HAVE
ALWAYS SUCKED OFF
LOW CLASS SHIT
LIKE YOU!

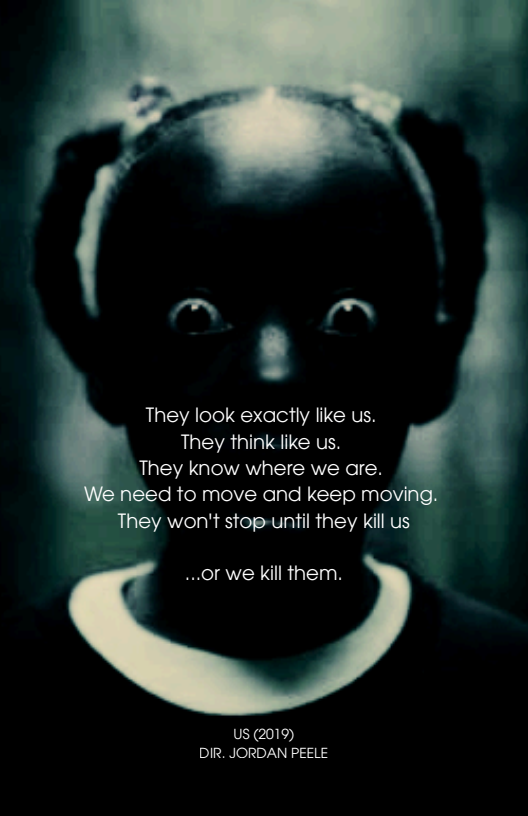
SOCIETY (1989)
DIR. BRIAN YUZNA



SOMNAMBULIST
a special presentation
of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1922)
by
MEGAFAUNA



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ij7hY6hgM_k



They look exactly like us.
They think like us.
They know where we are.
We need to move and keep moving.
They won't stop until they kill us
...or we kill them.

US (2019)
DIR. JORDAN PEELE



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submissions are **always** open